THE QUEEN BEHIND THE FINGER.

Lilian Bell Gets Her First Taste of Real Liberty in England.

Miss Lilian Bell, who is narrating her impressions of the old world and its people for the Ladies' Home Journal, writes from London: "I have seen the houses of parliament and the tower and Westminster abbey, and the world's fair, but the most impressive sight I ever beheld is the upraised hand of a London policeman. I never heard one of them speak except when spoken to. But let one little blue-coated man raise his forefinger and every vehicle on wheels stops, and stops instantly; stops in obedience to law and order; stops without swearing or gesticulating or abuse; stops with no underhanded trying to drive out of line and get by on the other side; just stops, that is the end of it. And why? Because the queen of England is behind that raised finger. Why, a London policeman has more power than our president. Even the queen's coachmen obey that forefinger. Understanding how to obey, that is what makes liberty.

"I am the most flamboyant of Americans, the most hopelessly addicted to my own country, but I must admit that I had my first real taste of liberty in England. I will tell you why. In America nobody obeys anybody. We make our laws, and then most industriously set about studying out a plan by which we may evade them. America is suffering, as all republics must of necessity suffer, from liberty in the hands of the multitude. The multitude are ignorant, and liberty in the hands of the ignorant is always license."

ANTIPATHY AMONG ANIMALS.

Different Species of Beasts Entertain a Dislike for Each Other.

The likes and dislikes of animals are unaccountable. Some horses take a violent prejudice against certain men, even though they are treated kindly and though the man's moral character is fair. Between the cat and dog there is a violent antipathy, which, however, is not infrequently displayed by mutual respect, and even affection in exceptional cases. The elephant hates dogs and rats. Cows dislike dogs, and so do sheep, and, what seems stranger, are particularly partial to bears. On the other hand, horses loath and detest camels and refuse to be decently civil to them after long acquaintance. They even hate the place where camels have been, which seems to be carrying race prejudice to an extreme.

Evolutionists are accustomed to explain these instinctive feelings as survivals of ancestral enmities dating from the days when one race preyed on the other. This would account for the natural enmity of cows to dogs, for when cows were wild they were obliged to defend their calves from bands of predatory wild dogs. But why should the horse like dogs? It is but the other day that the wild horses organized to defend their colts from wolves on our western prairies. What could the ancestral horse have had against the ancestral camel of a million years ago? Above all, why should the horse approve of the bear? It must be that the horse has a dormant sense of beauty and of humor. The ideal of the horse is grace, combined with strength. He disapproves from the bottom of his nature of the hopelessly vulgar, awkward and unaesthetical camel. The bear, he sees at once, though clumsy, is unpretentious, truthful, and not devoid of a sense of humor. The dog he recognizes as a good fellow, companionable and unselfish. He therefore forgets his ancestral predacious habits. A strong bond between the dog and the horse is that they are both fond of sport, whereas a camel would not go an inch to see the best race that was ever run.

The horse does seem a little prejudiced in the case of the camel, but it is a fine, aristocratic, unreasonable prejudice he has. And we like him for himself and for showing that the evolutionists cannot explain all the sentiments of a refined and highly organized animal. Man, of course, they can account for in every particular.—Hartford Courant.

An Imprisoned Fish.

A few weeks ago one of the most extraordinary fish ever known came to light in Devonshire. It was a chub, found in a muddy pool, and certainly it was as hideous a thing as one could well imagine. It was imprisoned in a sort of cage formed of roots of an elm tree that had projected under the water, and it had evidently wormed its way into this prison when quite small. Being unable to find its way out, it had been forced to grow in the shape of its cage, instead of the natural form that all chubs should take. With no room to develop, the fish's tail had disappeared altogether, save for a little deformed stump that had wedged its way between the roots of the tree. The back fin had also vanished, for there was no room for it to grow in. The whole body of the luckless chub was distorted and had grown into the gnarled and twisted form of the root cage. The scales were incrusted with mud and arranged in layers, like roof slates. It is a puzzle to imagine how the fish fed and lived during its growing years in that watery prison, and what it did when times were hard and no food came by. It seemed contented enough, and was certainly healthy and strong, in spite of its distorted shape.

Nice Place to Fall.

"He seems a nice enough chap, but I can't understand why people are always falling on his neck the way they do."

"Perhaps you don't know what a good soft thing he is."—Detroit News.

MOON MYTHS.

Strange Beliefs of Different Races of People.

The Greenland Eskimos Believe the Sun and Moon Were Originally Brother and Sister — Some of the Signs.

"If you see the new moon over your right shoulder it's good luck all the month"—over the left shoulder being bad luck, of course. "If you meet the new moon face to face with money in your pocket, you will have that kind of money in your pocket for a month"—and so on, this last being taken from an old black-letter treatise on "things worth knowing." Everywhere in the world the idea prevails among those who lack scientific training that anything falling to the lot of man when the moon is waxing will likewise increase, similarly decreasing while the moon wanes. The Hindoo troubled with warts looks at the new moon, picks up a pinch of dust from beneath his left foot, rubs the wart with it—and when the moon goes, so does the wart. If you fall ill you can be cured by herbs gathered in the full of the moon.

The Moslems in the kingdom of Oudh cure insomnia, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and similar evils by stationing the sufferer with a basin of water in his hands in the light of the full moon in such a way that its refulgent image shines directly from the liquid into his eyes. Then, without moving his gaze, he is required to swallow the water at a draught.

In northern India the people lay out food in the full moon that comes in the months corresponding to our September and October, half of each, and give it to their friends as a means of insuring longevity. That same night the girls pour water in the moonlight, saying they are getting rid of the cold weather.

It was long ago noted that the Yorkshire maids "do worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling upon an earth-fast stone," and Lady Wilde says that the Irish damsels drop on their knees when they first catch sight of the new moon and say: "Oh, moon leave us as well as you found us!" In India the natives take seven threads from the end of their turbans and give them to the new moon, with a prayer.

The spots on the moon are caused by many persons or things. Sometimes it is a man with a fagot on his back, sent thither for picking up sticks on the Sabbath. Chaucer calls him a thief and puts a thornbush on his shoulders. Dante says it is no less a criminal than Cain. Shakespeare provides a dog to keep him company. Hindoos keep, not a man, but a hare in the moon, and the well-known connection in the minds of the man of the moon and insanity may account for the statement regarding the March mare, and possibly the thornbush may be the distinctive covering of the hatter—at any rate, this is as good guessing as a lot of the sun myth people have done; while Baring-Gould identifies the moon children, Bill and Hiuki of the northern mythology, with Jack and Gill of the nursery rhyme.

The Greenland Eskimo believes that the sun and moon were originally brother and sister. She, being teased by him past ordinary endurance, seized some lampblack and rubbed it on his face. Then she ran, her brother after. Finally she went so fast she rose up into the air and became the sun, while her sooty-faced brother turned into the moon. In Samoa when a great famine oppressed the people the moon rose one night, big and round, like a bread fruit. A patient mother, unable to quiet the pangs of her little one, looked up and said: "Why don't you come down and let my baby have a bite of you?" This made the moon so angry that she simply picked up both mother and child, and they have been there ever since.

All sailors are certain that sleeping in tropical moon rays will either make them cross-eyed or blind. On the American vessel El Capitan a year or two ago a number of the crew, disregarding the advice of their fellows during a spell of hot weather, slept on the deck in the moonlight, and soon after went completely blind at night, though they could see as well in the daytime as ever. The skipper of the ship reported the occurrence, and with it made a statement to the effect that up to that time he had been a disbeliever in the so-called moon blink. Paul Eve Stevenson reports that he, too, was hurriedly awakened on his way to New York from the Bahamas with the assurance from the captain that all sorts of things would happen to him if he slept in moonlight. This is a disease unknown to the medical profession.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Keen Purchaser.

The younger portion of the present generation may not remember the old-fashioned silver coin, once so plenty in the United States, of the value of 12½ cents. In New England it was called a "ninepence," in New York a "shilling," and it bore other names in other sections of the country.

One day a tall, lank, tow-headed specimen of humanity, from the Mote mountain district, entered Sam Thom's store in Conway, N. H. He looked around for awhile upon the tempting things displayed, and finally drew out from his pocket a battered ninepence, which he clutched with an evident determination not to part with it recklessly.

"Say, mister," he said, pointing to a box of lozenges upon the counter, "how much d'ye ask for them?"

"Two cents a roll," was the reply.

"Wal, I'll hev a roll. What do you ask for them apples?"

"Two for a cent."

"Wal, let's se—I'll hev one of 'em; that'll be half a cent, and the lozengers two cents—jest two cents and a half. You ken take it aout of this 'ere ninepence, and give me back ten cents."

Mr. Thom could not refuse. The story to tell was worth more than it cost by far.—N. Y. Ledger.

BAKING-POWDER SECRETS.

Some of the Things Which Every Good Housekeeper Should Know.

Our grandmothers did without baking-powder, and were not sensible of any difficulty in preparing quick dough, but one wonders if results were not oftentimes crude, because of the nice care necessary in using soda. In fact, there are certain legends respecting greenish-yellow or spotted biscuit, at which the present generation of housekeepers smile, thanks to baking-powder. Soda, an alkali very injurious to the stomach, should never be used without an acid to render it a neutral salt, as cream of tartar, muriatic acid or sour milk, and the proportion must be exact or the mixture will be either acid or alkaline.

Pure baking-powders are simply a mixture of bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar in their proper proportions, with perhaps twice their combined weight of rice-flour, corn-starch or plain flour to insure their keeping. If really pure they cannot be called injurious, the danger lying in the use of powders having impure ingredients, of which quantities are doubtless sold daily. So sensible have housekeepers become of these adulterations that many are going back to the use of soda and cream of tartar, the use of which, as indicated, requires both intelligence and care. If one is dependent upon the average cook a standard baking-powder is the safest reliance.

In the making of quick doughs (by use either of baking-powder, or soda and cream of tartar) there are two points not given in any cook-book, so far as the writer knows, which add greatly to perfection in results. To make such dough proceed as follows:

Into one quart of flour (measured before sifting) put a level teaspoonful of salt and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder—or one level teaspoonful of soda and two rounding ones of cream of tartar—mix thoroughly with the hands, and then sift twice; next add a heaping tablespoonful of butter (or butter and lard mixed), rub up lightly with the hands, and again put through the sieve, pressing the last, heavier part through with the fingers or hand. Now toss the mixture lightly about as when first putting in the baking-powder, and it will be found that the shortening is distributed with perfect evenness through the flour. Have ready a scant pint of sweet milk in a mixing-bowl, and into this put half of the flour. Beat hard for a few minutes, when the mixture will be as smooth as satin; add rapidly the rest of the flour, roll out quickly, cut (if for biscuit), and bake at once in a rather hot oven.

Some flours require more wetting than others, but the rule for guidance is 'a dough as soft as can be handled.' A little flour, more or less, will not spoil the general result if other directions are carefully followed. — Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Woman's Home Companion.

NOVEL NEW TRIMMINGS.

What Will Be Seen on Ladies' Fall Gowns.

All the gowns are to be trimmed this season, the skirts as well as the bodices. Yokes are to be much in favor and every yoke requires a certain amount of trimming as its finish.

A great quantity of braid will be used. Black braid in all widths will be fashionable—the braid will trim the dresses rather in a design than in straight rows—skirts will be braided not only near the hem, but from the waist line down over the upper part of the skirt.

Puckered satin ribbon will be perhaps the newest trimming of the season. It will be wrought in many different designs and frequently edged with a fine silk cord. Conventional scrolls will be one of the favorite designs for trimming skirts.

Piping of satin or velvet will also be much in favor. Many of the newest sleeves will be trimmed from the cuff to near the shoulder with parallel rows of piping. This makes a particularly effective trimming, especially when the piping is a shade or two darker than the material of the dress. It will also be fashionable to have the piping in conspicuous color contrast from the dress.

Silk applique trimmings will be much in demand. For street gowns black will be the favorite, but on reception and dancing gowns all the delicate colors will be used. These applique trimmings are very beautiful in floral designs and wrought with tiny bits of colored rhinestones.

Passementerie will claim its customary popularity. It is always in demand, and this season's designs are more intricate and striking than ever before. Two-toned silk passementerie will also be in fashion. Passementeries wrought with jet will be worn, and Van Dyke point effects will be much in favor.

The old-time cording is coming back into fashion again. The cordings are always in striking contrast to the color of the dress they trim.

Tucks as a trimming are to be all the vogue. Very fine tucks will be used, and they will trim not only the sleeves of the new gown, but the skirts.—N. Y. Journal.

Mushrooms with Eggs.

Pick and wash the mushrooms well in heated milk, then put into a frying pan, with a lump of well-peppered butter as big as a walnut; this is sufficient for half a pound of mushrooms; cover closely with a plate. When all is well heated, pull the pan aside, but let them cook slowly; these must be done to a turn, and not broken. Boil as many eggs as required (not hard), hold them in cold water a second, remove the shells of the eggs, but do not disarrange the whites. Place the eggs and the mushrooms alternately in a circle on a hot dish; garnish with small grilled rolls of thinly-cut ham; between every one place a sprig of watercress. This is a delicious dish for breakfast.—Housewife.

—A man usually gets turned down while waiting for something to turn up.—Chicago News.

TRUSTED TO THE CARRIER.

Letters with Queer Addresses Find Their Destination.

"It is wonderful how much confidence people have in a letter carrier's ability to deliver letters," said a letter carrier to a Star reporter. "Very often we have letters to deliver with scarcely any address at all, and even that imperfect. If they manage, however, to get the number of the house and the street right we can generally do the rest, it matters not how the names are spelled, or even if they have been left off altogether. In other instances the names are all right, but there is no address. In nine cases out of ten such letters reach their destination, though they are often somewhat delayed. I had a letter a few days ago which illustrates my idea. It was addressed to a public wagon stand, to be delivered to the 'driver of a gray horse with a covered furniture wagon, the wagon being painted green.' It was the last word that secured the delivery, for it happens there are three white horses which are usually on that stand, but there was only one green-painted wagon. The laughable part of it was that the letter was marked 'Immediate.' I visited that stand three times during the day, and, though white horses were in evidence each time I was there, the green-painted wagon did not show up until my last trip. I delivered the letter. It was an order for the driver to move some furniture. Another letter I once delivered was equally blindly addressed. It was addressed to 'Mr. ——, who owns two Spitz dogs, one a yellow and the other a gray.' In a note on the back of the envelope, addressed 'to the letter carrier,' the information was given that the name had slipped the mind of the writer, but that the man with the dogs was known to the carrier. It happened that I did know the man, and had often seen him with his dogs, but he lived two miles from my route, though he very frequently came through it, visiting his son, who lived in my district. He got his letter."—Washington Star.

Made His Pile.

"Yes," said the Francisco business man, "I made my fortune out of Klondike."

"Dig it out?"

"Not by a darn sight! I sold outfits to the geezers who were going up to dig."—Philadelphia North American.

Good-By.

"I find it impossible to express myself," stammered the swell youth from the city.

"Never mind the express. An accommodation train leaves in 20 minutes," answered the fair country maiden.—Detroit Free Press.

A Kind Husband.

Mrs. Kwiver—John, I hear baby crying.

Mr. Kwiver (who is not inclined to take the hint)—Awfully glad, Mary, that your hearing is not becoming defective. In fact, I'd rather be a little hard of hearing myself than that you should become deaf.—St. Louis Republic.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—So-Mayou, who has just received his diploma from Cobb university school at Lewiston, Me., is the first heir to an African throne who ever graduated from an American college.

—Miss Harriet S. Huntingdon, daughter of Bishop Huntington, of cental New York, has been nominated for the school board of Syracuse, and is supported by the progressive women of the set in which she moves.

—The next course of Ely lectures in the Union Theological seminary will be given by Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, beginning on January 31 next, and his theme will be "The Christian Conquest of Asia."

—Isaac Newton, in his salad days, fell in love with a Miss Storey while studying at Grantham. Poverty, however, prevented the match. He remained faithful and was her true friend, but she was not inconsolable and married twice.

—Tennyson received $30,000 for "The Holy Grail." During the last few years of his life Macmillan & Co., paid him $50,000 to $60,000 a year. For "The Revenge" alone, the Nineteenth Century gave him $1,600. Dickens left $500,000; Lord Lytton, $400,000; Mrs. Henry Wood, $180,000; Mrs. Dinah Craik, $85,000. Victor Hugo left property in England alone valued at $457,000.

—The learned Oxford professor, Max Muller, once asked Vivekananda if Ramkrishna, a great Hindu religious teacher, knew Sanskrit. The answer at first was evasive, but finally Vivekananda said: "When Ramkrishna was in the jungle as an ascetic a beautiful woman came down from Heaven and taught him the language." "Nonsense!" was Muller's reply, "the only way to learn Sanskrit is to get a grammar and a dictionary and go to work."

A Degenerate.

Mr. Hockfelder—Did you hear about it? Ikey has disgraced der family!

Mr. Steinstein—Vat did he do?

"Joined der fire department!"—Up to Date.

The Only English Thing.

The American frigate Constitution was a beautiful ship, and wherever she went excited the most favorable comment. After the war of 1812 she was visited by an English officer of high rank, who, after making an inspection, said: "This is one of the finest frigates I ever saw, if not the finest; but I must say that her wheel is clumsy and ugly, and unworthy of the vessel." The Yankee captain replied: "Sir, that wheel is the only English thing in the ship. During her action with the Java her own wheel was knocked to pieces by a shot. After the Java was captured we took her wheel and fitted it to the Constitution, and, although we think it as ugly as you do, we have kept it as a trophy."

Injury to River Gods.

A primitive notion existed among the Romans and other races that a bridge was an offense and injury to the river god, as it saved people from being drowned while fording or swimming across, and robbed the deity of a certain number of victims which were his due.